THE DAILY GLOBE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY
AT THE GLOBE BUILDING,
CORNER FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS.

BY LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATE
DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)
1 yr in advance.$8 00 | 3 m in advance.$2.00
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Eastern Advertising Office—Room 76, Tribune Building, New York.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—For Wisconsin: Light rains; winds shifting to southeast; slightly warmer. For South Dakota: Increasing cloudiness, followed by showers during the afternoon or night: colder, except in extreme east portion; warmer, followed by colder Friday. For Iowa: Fair, followed by local showers during the afternoon or night; winds shifting to south; warmer; colder Friday. For Minnesota and North Dakota: Light showers; winds becoming variable; colder Thursday night. For Montana: Light snows; colder; north winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, March 30, 6:48 p. m. Local Time, 8 p. m. 75th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer....	Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer...	Exposed Thermometer....
St. Paul.....	29.92	42	Miles City...	29.46	58
Duluth......	29.90	....	Helena......	29.66	40
La Crosse...	29.88	40	Ft. Sully....	....	....
Huron.......	29.78	46	Minnedosa..	29.66	42
Moorhead...	29.84	42	Calgary......	9.70	30
St. Vincent..	29.80	42	Winnipeg....	29.82	40
Bismarck....	29.70	44	Q'Appelle....	29.65	44
Ft. Buford..	29.52	54	Med'e Hat...	29.58	58

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

THE WORLD IS YOUNG YET.

The atmospheric conditions yesterday may have afforded comfort to those who hope with Lieut. TOTTEN that the planet has entered upon a stage of destruction so far as the existence of its present population is concerned. Fog and general murkiness gave their tone to things a part of the time. There are said to be a great many people in the East who have the date fixed, or very nearly so, for the end of the present earthly dispensation. They have been seeing the signs and omens numerously of late. The electrical displays known as aurora borealis have been extensive and specially brilliant. Some scientist has caught a glimpse of a comet. The earthquakes have been more numerous in the later periods than ever before, and other portents have been throwing out their menaces. The Scriptural anticipations are being verified to the eager minds of these people who claim to interpret them. The tremendous armies that keep the peace of Europe, the outbreaks of socialism and anarchy and general development of deviltry, all fit into the theories adopted. The running to and fro in rapid ways and general activity of things all help out. There are thousands of people who are not specially erratic in other lines of thought who are fully possessed with the faith that the end of things is just at hand. Some believe with TOTTEN that the preliminary stages of the general wind-up have been entered upon, and the consummation is coming within a few months or years. This is not a cheerful view. It would, if generally credited, be worse than a silver bill as pictured by its opponents, to disturb business conditions, and the mind is liable to be diverted from the wonted relations of life. People are fortunate when they are forced to meet death if they can go out like an electric flash with no lingering interview. The common impression has been that the world is to be transformed in the "twinkling of an eye," as it were. It would be better to have no intimation of the fact, if there were really to be a great catastrophe to destroy all human beings living. But these prophets of doom are in error. Worlds have their periods of growth, maturity and decadence, like all beings. Physical science and inquiry indicate that convulsions and transformations occur at vast epochs. Recent discoveries in the East are interpreted to show that this planet was thickly populated tens of thousands of years ago. Its races were mainly, if not entirely, destroyed by natural forces. These will be operative again, in time, but the best impressions are that the world as we know it is hardly out of its cradle.

SENSIBLE NATURE.

The Boston Globe has a write-up of two remarkable old ladies in that state, now near seventy years of age, who were born twins and have been twins all their lives. They have been married and raised families, and through all these years their friends have been unable to distinguish them apart. Even their father, their husbands and children could not tell which was which. Their weight has always been the same, and when one fell away the other has also lost weight. Voice and expression are still identical, and the puzzle as to their identity is as great to their friends as ever. Hardly another case is recalled where the resemblance continued so perfect all through life. It has been said that Nature never made two faces exactly alike, but in this case the rule seems to be forgotten. One might suppose that the possible permutations in the facial economy would be exhausted in the creation of uncounted billions of people, but mathematics has been unable to count the number. Had Nature been thoughtless enough to use the same mould frequently, the annoyance and confusion that would result could not be calculated. In the case cited the sisters often exchanged households without the children discovering it. A wise child may not know his father, but such ignorance has not been alleged in regard to the mother. On the whole, Nature seems to have arranged most things with much judgment.

DAKOTA HARMONY.

The South Dakota Republicans are protesting rather too vigorously that they are harmonious and happy, and BENJAMIN can have from them anything he asks for. They say they sat down on the bosses in convention, and took things into their own hands. The bosses wink, and intimate that they still have the full hands. The delegation was nominally instructed for HARRISON, but PETTIGREW's bower, Judge MOODY, is at the head of the delegation, and he says his hands are not tied, that the action was a mere indorsement of the administration. The convention was for HARRISON, but the delegation will support him when he has least need of its support.

TODAY'S CONVENTION.

The GLOBE writes the words between darkness and dawn, and it is yet too early to tell whether the day's sun will shine bright to welcome the state's Democracy to St. Paul, or whether they will meet in the midst of wind and rain. The GLOBE's wish, of course, is that all nature may smile as on a wedding morn; but the season is yet unsettled, and too much reliance must not be placed on its moods, or too much disappointment felt if it proves capricious and changing. So also the opinions and convictions of men are yet unsettled, and the wise and discerning will not mistake a shifting and ephemeral sentiment for the eternal principles of truth. Three months have still to pass before the Chicago convention assembles, and the men and measures which at this hour appear in the ascendant may suffer rude reverses in this eventful interval. What the Democrats of Minnesota need to do today is to select a delegation of strong, fair-minded men, who can be relied on to express with force and persuasiveness this commonwealth's views when they meet their fellow patriots coming from every section, and having each his own story to tell. If the party is to go into a hopeful fight, it must be marshaled under a banner of harmony—not the harmony of compromise and procrastination, but the harmony which consists of a triumph of the right over error and delusion. If today's convention goes at its work in the proper spirit, it will be Minnesota's proud part to have contributed to this outcome.

THEY DO NOT WANT IT.

Kansas has been, for a few years past, experimenting with woman suffrage in municipal elections. The women have not only been given the ballot, but are eligible to all the offices in the municipality. In several instances they have been elected mayor, and controlled the local administration. Of course they were novices, and not always free from romantic notions. The data are not, however, very distinct for comparison with the management of the men, but it may be conceded that with protracted experience they can operate municipal machines with success. The experiments had, however, are not such as to inspire either the newly enfranchised or the other elements with much enthusiasm; and the better class of women are disinclined to continue the experiment. They doubt that the millennium will be inaugurated by the participation of their sex in the turmoil of local politics. A sample case is furnished at Leavenworth, which has been, and, perhaps, still is, the largest city in the state. The registration for the pending election has been made the past week, and but 1,241 women registered, in place of 2,748 a year ago. More than half have abandoned the thing. This is not, however, the most significant fact. Of those who now register four-fifths are colored women, or whites of the shady classes. Very few white women of the reputable grades care to vote again. The registration of the less savory elements is not due to their greater concern for the welfare of the community, but to the importunities of the ward politicians and strikers. They sent carriages to their abodes, and used all sorts of devices to induce them to register. Probably most of them were not familiar with the interior of buggies and hacks, and were inflated with the distinction. Their votes are not likely to be added to the strength of the better administration. This is the result many considerate people have looked for. They have not believed that the masses of the best women really wanted to take part in these rude scrambles. The novelty of the thing might bring them out at first, but they would soon weary of the unprofitable work, which must be distasteful to them. Woman suffrage in city elections is not a success so far as tested; and, except in school matters, the women are not likely to care for participation in the management of public affairs.

THE BEST ARGUMENT.

Senator PALMER has written a letter to the Chicago Herald, in which he points out with directness and force one of the many weaknesses of the BLAND bill. His line of attack is to show that the so-called free coinage measure is only a scheme for the government's purchase of the world's silver output at an inflated price. And it is not difficult, starting with this fact, to prove its injustice and danger. If it is the government's function to buy the product of the country's mines, it also ought to buy the wheat which the farmers of the West raise, or the cotton which the Southern planters find on their hands because there is no market for it.

But arguments of this sort, while convincing enough, have no particular effectiveness with the opposition for one reason. The free silver delusion prevails in those sections of the Union where business is depressed and poverty is wide-spread. Probably never since the war has there been such general distress in the cotton belt as there is today, and the outlook is as gloomy as is the present suffering. This region and the deserts of Western Kansas and Nebraska, where successive crop failures have brought despair, are the strongholds of the Blandites. Their devotion to silver is not a matter of reason; it is a craze born of hunger and disappointment. Baffled and worsted, they have embraced this impossible scheme in the vain hope of securing some relief from the evils which oppress them.

With the return of prosperity this delusion would be dissipated, but until prosperity returns, it and similar economic eccentricities will have many adherents. It is the duty of patriots to do what they can for these men's material progress, because this will accomplish wonders, which no other plan of education can. But in arguing with them, or for them, the important thing is to emphasize the folly of cheap money rather than its dishonesty. An empty stomach does not assimilate moral lectures as well as it does some other kinds of food. The appeal to self-interest is the one which will attract their attention. If the poor have nothing to gain by a debased currency, and they can be made to understand this, they will not fight for it. Senator PALMER's argument is intelligent and able, but it does not touch on this, the most promising point of all.

SENATOR PALMER has indicated in a recent letter quite distinctly that the BLAND bill will not have his vote in the senate, if it reaches that stage. He has this impression of the effect of such a policy:

"It will not promote the conversion of silver bullion into dollars, which is the 'free coinage' favored by a very large proportion of the people, but it is the scheme of the silver ring to compel the government to buy an unlimited amount of silver bullion at 42 cents per ounce more than its market value, to be paid for in coin notes, which the government undertakes to maintain at a par with gold."

THE German secretary of legation—v. MUMM—has been recalled, and will be given a position in Europe. Such men as he is are not mere parlor ornaments. They promote friendly feelings between great nations. If he be as successful in Europe as he has been here, he will be no figurehead in diplomatic circles.

IN SPITE of Col. WATTERSON's opinion of the inexpediency of nominating a New York man, he thinks Kentucky is for CLEVELAND by a big sweep. The colonel may be a delegate to Chicago, and his counsel is valued abroad, if not so much in Kentucky.

IT IS estimated that 2,500 farmers in South Dakota now own sheep. It is a good sheep state, and the number is increasing rapidly. They are usually too intelligent to be fooled with the gabble about free wool hurting them.

SHOULD the German emperor go to Iceland for his health, many of his people would be willing to pay for all the icebergs he may need on his head. They would be able to get along if a few of them fell on him.

SINCE the Iowa legislature has straightened up the prohibition column, the bichloride of gold doctors propose to open up there. The big breweries and distilleries will still operate on the other side of the river.

A BOSTON paper offers a prize for the best description of the Boston girl, not sparing her faults, defects and fads. The imputation that the Boston girl could be improved in any way is evidently a slander.

REV. IRA HICKS, of St. Louis, claims to have hit the March weather exactly, and now has down cold, bleak weather the first ten days of April. Probably his jurisdiction does not extend to Minnesota.

WHEAT is lower now than it has been before since harvest. It would be safer investing in futures if the foresight were as good as the hindsight.

THE eyes of the nation may be said to be on the Democrats of Minnesota today. And they will do their duty in convention.

THE modus vivendi yesterday was not one to preserve at much expense.

STATE PRESS EDICTS.

Gov. Merriam has constituted himself a law maker, and instituted conditional pardons. We suppose they are conditioned on the beneficiaries supporting the political schemes of his excellency or being remanded to prison.—Fairmont News.

Senator Davis is suggested to fill the vacancy upon the United States supreme bench caused by the death of Judge Bradley. If he wants it, we say amen; but it occurs to us that Minnesota people would much rather have him a while longer in his present position.—Benson Times.

Joel Heatwole claims that he isn't a candidate for governor, but it is a fact worthy of note, however, that no one has yet been proposed for that office whom he does not criticise. That the ideal governor is a man about Joe's size, in his estimation, is a fact that would be hard to dispute.—Wadena County Pioneer.

There is apparently no limit to the number of Republican candidates for governor in this state. The woods, the prairies, the cities and even small villages are full of them. Who the fortunate man will be would take a prophet to determine, but no matter he will not find the sailing as smooth as he contemplates.—Fairibault Pilot.

Honest Adolph Biermann should be nominated for the governorship by the Democrats whether he is a candidate or not. He is the greatest vote-getter in the state, as has been formerly demonstrated. He is a man of great ability and unblemished character. With Cleveland and Biermann the state would be relieved of Republican bossism at the coming election.—Ortonville Headlight.

St. Paul's new government building is a very fine one on paper at least, and when completed will be one of the attractions of that city. Stillwater expects a public building, but we will be content with one on a much smaller scale. The old city hall, the site of the new building, is being daily removed, and within a month the old building will have been razed to the ground and the old city hall will be a thing of the past.—Stillwater Gazette.

HIS "WHISKERS."

Some Boston hotel managers have issued a very unpopular order, commanding their waiters to remove their beards. They evidently think it enough for the guests to be bearded.—Baltimore American.

If the beards and mustaches of waiters won't go, their possessors must. It is high time that persons who place their lives in waiters' hands had a chance, for their own protection, to study the emotions and characteristics of their servitors.—New York Telegram.

The managers of the French steamship line were entirely right in demanding that their saloon waiters should not wear mustaches. There is something about a mustache which induces constant attention, and if there is anything obnoxious, next to a toothpick-chewing waiter, it is a mustache dresser. There is hair enough in the butter as it is.—New York Recorder.

A Professional Opinion.

Yonkers Gazette.

Mrs. Motherly—Well, professor, my daughter was here yesterday to have her voice tried. What do you think of it? Is it best adapted to the opera or the church choir?

Prof. Sangfroid—Excusez moi, madame! Eet is not for ze one, not for ze odair. Eet vill make a vair goob alarm for ze burglaire.

The Timidity of Capital.

Fliegende Blatter.

Suitor—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, and at the same time to deposit my property of $50,000 marks in your bank.

Banker—What! and to such a reckless man you expect me to intrust my daughter.

Mills Still Malignant.

Rochester Post-Express.

Roger Q. Mills refuses to leave the house of representatives until he can deliver a speech on the tariff. But, really now, isn't this carrying animosity too far? Cannot Roger afford to be generous after having won a seat in the senate?

Boies Is All Right.

Chicago Tribune.

Missouri Republican—They say Gov. Boies, of Iowa, eats with his knife.

Missouri Democrat—Sart'nly! What's knives for? Did you reckon he ett with his fingers?

Locating Fifer.

Troy Times.

Gov. Fifer, of Illinois, is seeking a re-election, and, naturally enough, a man with that name takes a front seat in the campaign band wagon.

A Possibility.

Chicago Times.

J. Coleman Drayton is said to have disappeared. Inquiry might be made at Sioux Falls, S. D.

SUNRISE SIGNALS.

A New Yorker claims to have sniffed "the odor of the vernal equinox in that bit of weather yesterday." Well, treasure it up as a sweet and fragrant memory, a holy reminiscence of the past.

* * *

His name is Grover Cleveland,
And, if running in November,
He will give our little Benny
Something dearly to remember.

* * *

Speaking of Walt Whitman, the New York Herald says: "He struck his lyre with his fist at times, instead of his finger tips." Other people having liars to strike will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

* * *

Mr. Bland is angry. He is reported to have said: "I wash my hands of the whole business. The responsibility is on Mr. Crisp." If this is true, Mr. Crisp has suddenly endeared himself to the whole country.

* * *

Will the new umbrella trust hold water?

* * *

Tomorrow is All Fools' day. In this connection it is well to remember the philosophic words of Abraham Lincoln! "You may fool some of the people all the time; you may fool all the people part of the time, but it is utterly impossible to fool all the people all the time."

* * *

Jason Gould has been presented with a residence lot by the McGinty club, of El Paso, Texas.

Down went Jason to the border of the sea,
And he can't be very well,
For the Texan people tell
Of loading Jason up with some scaly property.

* * *

With his rare prophetic vision, Col. Henry Watterson can see only defeat in the air for either Hill or Cleveland. Col. Watterson, by the way, is "some good Southern man."

* * *

It is opined that Mr. Hatch's option eggs are addled.

* * *

Troops have been ordered to the vicinity of the Sisseton reservation, and yet we are given to understand that there is not a live seal within fifty miles of that place. How is this, Benjamin?

* * *

St. Paul and White Bear are promised an electric street car line between the two towns. Of course this will necessitate an "electric spur" on Wabasha street.

* * *

Senator Stewart threatens to bring the silver bill up in the senate. Is there any valid reason why it should not be called the "chestnut bill?"

* * *

The introduction of Mr. Bland into the extravaganza of "Sinbad" would be a great card. Mr. Bland could throw a great deal of pathos into the song "There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone."

* * *

An Omaha man named Zell fooled with the "Keeley cure," and is now a corpse. How long is this fake and, apparently, fatal institution to be allowed to do business without a thorough official investigation?

* * *

Anticipatory quotation from today's report of the Democratic convention: "The name of Grover Cleveland was received with cheers."

* * *

Reporter—Senator, it has been suggested by some of your friends that you would better withdraw from the presidential race.

Senator Cullom—Withdraw! Then I am really in it! Thanks, thanks, my good fellow, for this assurance. Withdraw? Ha, ha! That's good.

* * *

Again the days draw on apace
When umpires death stare in the face;
Base runners slide on bellies flat,
Majestic Caseys wield the bat;
Old Anson's soft, soprano swear
Re-echoes as he fans the air.
King Kelly vibrates long between
Staid Boston's coin and New York's sheen;
The salary list is closely scanned,
And schemes for an advance are planned;
"Play ball!" the umpire hoarsely cries.
"Play ball! Three strikes! Side out!"—and dies.

* * *

A trio of back numbers: Blair, Bland and Butler.

* * *

Now bring the tariff to the front, and keep it there until the whole Republican party is relegated to the rear.

* * *

There are friends, and also enemies of Senator Hill, who declare that he has never expressed himself fairly and fully upon the question of coinage. This is an injustice to Senator Hill that can only be excused on the ground of pure ignorance. At Albany, N. Y., Dec. 31, Mr. Hill made a speech. We quote from it verbatim; "Pass no free coinage bill." Could any language more explicitly commit the senator to the cause of honest money?

* * *

A number of half-baked journalists in Washington are disposed to make fun of the fact that Russell Harrison has secured a seat in the reporters' gallery. While we have never gone out of our way to express admiration for this young man, it is no more than an act of justice to call the attention of these callow newspaper novices to the fact that Russell Harrison comes into the reporters' gallery, not because he is the son of the president, but by virtue of his undisputed claim as a newspaper representative. He is, if we mistake not, a part owner of a paper out in Helena. He also sends to that journal correspondence such as he deems suitable to its columns. He is, in short, the accredited correspondent of that paper, and, as such, has every right to a seat in the gallery that others engaged in like work have. We admire the spirit of the young man in this particular instance, because he shows by actions that he is not above doing work in one of the most honorable professions in the world. If there were more men like Harrison, proud of their profession, instead of ashamed of it, the newspaper business would be visibly improved. As it is, it is afflicted with a lot of literary hams who are only making it a stepping-stone—a makeshift—to "something better." The quicker such people leave it, the better it will be for American journalism.

"JIM" WHITCOMB RILEY.

James Whitcomb Riley and George W. Cable are to appear together on the lecture platform. This is a good thing for Cable. He is one of the dreariest of so-called entertainers, and Riley is one of the best. Cable is always fortunate in securing a hawser to pull him along.—New York Advertiser.

James Whitcomb Riley's income from his readings and recitations equals a bank president's salary, while Bill Nye in 1891 cleared $40,000 from his appearances on the rostrum. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton get $200 a night from their managers, and George W. Cable receives $100 every time he reads.—Chicago Tribune.

James Whitcomb Riley's success in being claimed as a runaway son by a Kansas City woman, in spite of the fact that he has known his mother intimately for a great many years, is very funny, and only needs the Hoosier poet's turning of the incident into dialect to make it most effectively so.—Philadelphia Press.

JOVIAL VOICES.

A deaf man was given a hearing at the central police station yesterday.—Philadelphia Record.

Barber—How does this razor seem to feel? Suffering Customer—I hope it feels some pity.—Chicago Tribune.

Crimps—Is your business getting on? Bangs—It is. You know I recently opened a riding school.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is in the course of events for a young lady to look killing after she has been sleighing.—Binghamton Republican.

"Why, Jackson, this isn't a bit the kind of a house I supposed you would build." "No: I'm rather surprised myself; but the architect is very well satisfied."—Fidoits.

"This is getting to be 'the land of the midnight son,'" said paterfamilias, as Johnny came in from a neighboring cobweb party at the stroke of 12.—Lowell Courier.

ODDS AND ENDS.

With an electric road to White Bear and Minnetonka, St. Paul is going to be decidedly in it this summer.

It looks pretty much as if the auditorium will be got under way in time for the national convetions in 1896.

Among the great needs of St. Paul is a public library building. Excellent work is being done in the rooms now occupied by the library, but they are so pinched for space that its value is materially affected. St. Paul has long talked about the necessity of erecting a commodious library building, but while this talking has been indulged in Minneapolis has forged ahead and built one of the finest library buildings in the country.

The inaction exhibited by the board of immigration places it in a very unfavorable light. The board was brought into existence a year ago. The first annual meeting was held the other day, and the year's work may be summed up thus: Held two or three meetings, passed several resolutions and adjourned.

There was no meeting of the stockholders of the Wood Harvester works yesterday. A would-be funny man called a meeting for a joke, and then watched the chamber of commerce building to see who nibbled the bait.

The so-called Independent party first determined to hold aloof from either of the two great political parties, hoping to draw within its fold the disgruntled Democrats and Republicans. They have discovered that there are not sufficient to enable them to make any showing at the polls, and now overtures are being made with the Republicans. By the time the city campaign is on, the piebald party will have disappeared, and the heroic reformers retired to their former obscurity.

A banquet is to be tendered H. P. Hall at the Ryan hotel Saturday evening. The officers of the state editorial association have charge of the arrangements, and from the almost prohibitory price charged it would seem that this is going to be a good year for the country editors. Mr. Hall is highly deserving of the compliment tendered him. It is to be regretted that the first-class spread and the necessarily high rate charged will keep away a large number of his admirers.

The selection of the Wood Harvester site is to be made today. Let us thank the Lord for small mercies.

A canal from Lake Superior to St. Paul would be a great achievement. That the scheme is feasible is clearly shown by Gen. Andrews' report yesterday. There are millions in such a canal for the people of this city. The canal was first mooted, it seems, in 1875, when the legislature appropriated a sum of money for a survey. This was partially made and a report furnished C. K. Davis, who was then governor.

It was rumored on the streets yesterday that Mannheimer Brothers had secured an option on a piece of property at the corner of Fifth and St. Peter streets. It was also stated that they would erect a large store building thereon. Jacob Mannheimer, when seen, said there was not a particle of truth in the story. The Mannheimers would continue on Third street.

It is difficult to account for the taste of the general public, but in this city it is a lamentable fact that blood-curdling sensational plays always command a crowded audience at the theaters. If the play be a clever bit of dramatic work, produced by artists of acknowledged ability, it is dollars to doughnuts that they would play to almost empty houses.

WHITMAN'S BURIAL.

Loving Friends Conduct It—Ingersoll's Tribute.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 30.—Several thousand people had congregated around the Whitman tomb of rough granite long before the funeral procession arrived today. Near the vault a large tent had been erected for the funeral services, with a raised platform and pulpit at one end, near which was the bier, draped with black.

Francis Howard Williams, of Philadelphia, first read extracts from "Leaves o' Grass," Whitman's famous collection of writings. Thomas B. Harned, the poet's long-time friend, told of Whitman's sacrifices for the fulfillment of his duty to his country during the war as a nurse for sick soldiers—work which broke his stalwart physique and brought him to Camden in 1873 poor, paralyzed and sick. "I deem it," said Mr. Harned, "my duty to mention two important facts: One his positive belief in immortality and the other his fearlessness of death. He believed that he lived in an eternal universe, and that man was indestructible as his creator.'

Dr. Buck, the poet's biographer, followed in an address, after which Col. Ingersoll stood up near the bier and spoke in part thus: Again we in the mystery of life are brought face to face with the mystery of death. A great man, a great American—the most eminent citizen of this republic—is dead before us. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatness that he met without arrogance; and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He sympathized with the imprisoned and the despised; and even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is his, speaking of an outcast, and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that had ever lived—he said: 'Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you.'

He accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this thing called death. And for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for night—waiting for the light. And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end. To-day we gave back to mother nature, to her clasp and kiss, one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. And I thank him for the brave words he had said on the subject of death. Since he has lived death is less fearful than he was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark valley of the shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand, long after we are dead. The brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying. And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living, and I love him still.

The following poem was sent from New York by Edmund Clarence Stedman, attached to a wreath of ivy:

"Good bye, Walt.
Good bye from all you loved on earth,
Rock, tree, dumb creature, man and woman,
To you their comrade human.
The last assault ends now, and now in some great world has birth
A minstrel whose strong souls has broader wings,
More brave imaginings.
Stars crown the hilltop where your dust shall live,
Even as we say good bye.
Good bye, old Walt."

POLITICAL BOOMERANG.

Ohio Republicans May Be Short One Gerrymander.

MADISON, Wis., March 30.—Attorney General O'Connor has received from prominent Democratic attorneys of Ohio an order for certified copies of the briefs and supreme court opinions on the gerrymander case. The attorneys said they were preparing to overthrow the Republican warping of that state into hideous-shaped districts, and wanted the ammunition used in the fight here. Thus the Republicans will be compelled to find that their efforts rewarded by success in overthrowing a Democratic apportionment in Wisconsin, will be the cause of many rebuffs to them in other states.

COLUMBUS, O., March 30.—The legislature to-day enacted into a law the bill redistricting the state for congressional purposes. It gives the Democrats six districts and the Republicans fifteen, which is just reversing the present apportionment.

WITH BOTH HIS FEET.

Donnelly Jumps Upon the Prostrate Form of Senator Hompe.

The Warning He Received Early in the Session to Beware.

Why the Combination With the Democrats Was Carried Out.

Some Fresh Information of the Inside of the Legislature.

I begin to feel that any further reply by me to Hompe is unnecessary. I was rebuked by a friend the other day for "skinning a dead man." Hompe declares he is no longer in politics (and politics is evidently no longer in him), and, I am informed, he is no longer rightfully in the Alliance. He has sold his farm and gone into mercantile life in the village of Deer Creek. While he sits upon a keg of nails at his store door, munching a cracker and wondering how all his bright visions of life in Washington made themselves so suddenly "air, thin air, in which they vanished," I would recommend him to cogitate over that wise old Scotch proverb: "Kick not a sleeping dog." He must begin to realize that when a man with an utterly abominable public and private record behind him (inspired by a fool like Hoskins), pitches head foremost into the record of another, who is not saying a word against him or raising a finger to injure him, he is, to use Artemus Ward's admirable expression, "an ass." He should read Sancho Panza's reason, given in Don Quixote, why, under circumstances therein stated, the unnecessary agitation of a subject was not either advisable or profitable.

What I am about to say in this letter is not, therefore, intended so much to further pound and pummel Hompe, for he is dead, dead beyond resurrection—his own record has killed him—but to use his assaults upon me as an illustration of the dangers which embarrass any attempt to obtain remedial legislation in this corrupt and rotten age. In that view of the case even Hompe may be made of some use. The Duke of Argyle put up mile stones all over his estate, and the old women of the neighborhood, afflicted with the itch, and misapprehending their purpose, used to scratch themselves vigorously against the stones, crying out the while, "God bless the Duke of Argyle!" And so, with the assistance of Providence, even Hompe may prove a blessing in disguise to the afflicted people of Minnesota—a kind of unintentional scratching-post for the relief of the misgoverned.

The attempt of the Alliance, in the last legislature, to obtain the remedial legislation demanded by the producing classes of this state, was a failure. By that failure of legislation, as to rates of interest, railroad charges and equal taxation, the people of Minnesota will—before the next legislature assembles—have lost millions of dollars. Who was responsible for this failure? Who blocked the wheels of reform and brought the efforts of the Alliance to naught?

I have no desire to do injustice to any one, but I charge these results home upon John B. Hompe. Let us see if that charge can be substantiated.

Donnelly's Election.

Every army must have a general; every political movement must have a leader. Who will dissociate Napoleon from the Napoleonic campaigns? Who will separate the final triumph of our arms, in 1865, from Gen. Grant? So important is this matter of leadership that some one has truly said, "An army of lions led by an ass is less to be feared than an army of asses led by a lion."

Now, just before the opening of the last session of the legislature, Dec. 30, 1890, I was elected president of the State Farmers' Alliance by a vote of 548 to 105. Hompe led the fight against me, and by putting up Hon. Kittel Halvorson for president, a popular and able gentleman, he secured 105 votes for him. If his own name had been placed in nomination he would not have received 25 votes. Now it is not worth while to inquire whether or not my selection was the best that could have been made. It was made. The army had chosen its general; the movement had selected its leader by an overwhelming majority. I was placed in command, and I was entitled to the support of every loyal soldier of the great army of reform. To attack me in the face of the enemy was treason to the cause, for it made victory impossible. It demanded a drum-head court martial. And remember it was the Farmers' Alliance that led the great campaign of 1890; it was the Farmers' Alliance that had elected one-third of the members of the house, and thirteen members of the state senate. I stood there in the senate as the chosen mouth-piece and representative of the Alliance hosts, and that I honestly and correctly expressed their wishes and feelings is proven by the fact that Hompe, who had secured 105 votes against me for his candidate in December, 1890, could only get 40 votes against me for his candidate at the next annual meeting. And the matter was discussed in the annual meeting of December, 1890, and that great convention elected me their president with intent and purpose that I might thereby have increased influence to hold the Alliance together in the legislature and lead them to victory. They deliberately and intentionally placed the baton of command in my hands. They certainly would not have trusted Hompe with it.

A Warning.

At the very opening of the session of 1891 a leading and well-informed Republican of Northern Minnesota, a personal friend and a perfectly reliable man, came to me and said: "Well, how are you getting along?"

"Very well," I replied; "the old parties are paralyzed by the tremendous vote of 1890, and the rank and file of the two houses, I think, will concede to us any reasonable demand we may make in behalf of the people."

"You are mistaken," he replied, "you are sold out. Hompe is in the interest of the railroads, and he will do all he can to fight you and prevent you from accomplishing anything."

I could not believe it, but events have proved that my informant was right. Hompe complains that I proposed at first to combine with the Republicans in the organization of the senate. Yes, that was so. Why was it? Because I argued that it was evident the Alliance members of the house were going to join forces with the Democrats, and that it would not do for the Alliance men in the senate to follow their example. Three-fourths of our membership was derived from the Republican party, and we had to constantly meet, on the stump and in the press, the charge that the Alliance movement was simply the Democratic party in disguise, organized to break up the Republican organization. I claimed that if we Alliance men, in both branches, rushed into the arms of the Democracy as soon as we got to St. Paul, we would justify this charge and lose thousands of votes. I therefore urged that in the house we combine with the Democrats and in the senate with the Republicans. This would hold the balance even and satisfy both element of our party. Some of our Alliance senators had previously been Democrats, and they were obstreperous to have the Democracy swallow the Alliance, neck and heels, body, boots and breeches, without the slightest regard for its effect upon our organization. The feeling was natural on their part, but it was unwise. I stood up for what I thought was the true interest of the Alliance; and the majority sustained me: and we should have made a combination with the Republicans in the senate, but the corporations, as I interpret it, said to the Republican leaders that they must not concede anything to the Alliance, because that meant anti-monopoly senators at the head of one-half the committees, with increased power to obtain legislation inimical to the rings and railroads. And so the Republicans spurned our advances and formed a combination with two Democrats to organize the senate. We had but half an hour to change this, but in that half hour we established relations with the Democrats, won back the two wavering men, and organized the senate, to the infinite disgust of our Republican brethren. Hompe complains of this, but it will be observed that he profited by the combination, being made chairman of the principal committee of the senate; and he also secured a clerkship for his friend, R. J. Hall, who drew about $500 during the session. It is said that "it is well to praise the bridge that carries you over," but only a man like Hompe would denounce the bridge after having availed himself of it.

Hompe and Finance.

Despite the prophecy which still rang in my ears, I was determined that no suspicious of mine, and no personal dislikes of mine should prevent all our forces from acting in perfect harmony. I subordinated the feelings of the individual to the duties of the leader. Hompe told me that he would like to be chairman of the committee on finance, and, (as I have already stated,) I fought for him and forced the Democrats to concede that position to him. Hompe says no man can be my friend unless he is my slave. That transaction did not look like it. There I was, laboring to elevate a man to power, who, a few days before, had done his utmost to defeat my election, as president of the state Farmers' Alliance.

It was agreed in a joint caucus of both the Alliance and Democratic senators that, as some one man familiar with parliamentary practice and quick of thought was necessary to meet our able opponents in debate, I should be their leader on the floor, and they were to stand by me. This was voluntary on their part. I did not ask for it. And I must say that, until Hompe's machinations broke us up, the Democratic senators loyally stood by their agreement, and the warmest and kindliest feelings grew up between our joint forces. We had a number of caucuses, and talked freely over legislation; and I, on one occasion, expressed the wish that the whole state could hear our discussions, for there was scarcely any difference of opinion on the great questions of the day, so far as state issues were concerned, between the Democratic and Alliance senators. Some of the Democrats even went so far as to express their conviction that their party had, in the past, been controlled too much by the corporations; and that this had kept them in the minority in the state; and that it was the duty of the party to cut loose from these debasing influences, and place itself at the forefront of the great movement of reform.

Eden would have continued a paradise to this day if the devil had not intruded himself into it; and, if we had not had a most plausible and vicious devil in our midst, the union of brotherly feeling there inaugurated would, ere this, have extended all over this state, and in the campaign of 1892 Democrats and Alliance men would have marched to the polls side by side and shoulder to shoulder in behalf, to a large extent, of the same great principles. We were actually making good Alliance men out of the Democratic senators.

The railroad corporations were astounded and alarmed to see the Democracy co-operating in loving sympathy with the terrible Alliance forces. Something had to be done, and at once, to destroy this harmony. I was the central figure, the acknowledged leader, laboring with patience and kindness to hold all the elements together. I must be struck down—and Hompe was told by his masters to strike the blow.

Stab in the Back.

The Republicans had several very able men on the floor of the senate—notably, Senators John Day Smith, Sanborn, Davis, Day, Dean, Stevens and Tawney. They were foemen worthy of any man's steel. They were shrewd, tactical, plausible, eloquent and forcible. Long accustomed to power they were indignant at the combination which had reduced them to a minority; and regarding me as the main cause of their overthrow, they "went for me," as Bill Nye went for the Heathen Chinee, when he lost the game of cards. I had either to reply, and defend the Alliance and the combine and myself, or sit still "like a bump on a log," and let the enemy trample all over our forces. What did Hompe do? He remained in his seat and uttered not a word in the defense of the men who sent him there. That was not his game. But, while I was fighting in behalf of those who had unanimously selected me as their spokesman, Hompe rose up and stabbed me in the back.

Here it is, page 158 of senate journal:

"Mr. Hompe offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That is discussing any question, bill or resolution, senators, unless by unanimous consent, shall be limited to five minutes. Provided, however, that the mover of a bill or resolution may have ten minutes to defend the same. Also that rule 16 of the senate be strictly enforced."

Rule 16 provided that no member should speak more than twice on the same question, on the same day, etc.

Dr. Mayo gave notice of debate, and Hompe's resolution went over. This was Feb. 7.

On Feb. 9 Hompe called it up again, and it was defeated by a vote of 22 ayes and 24 nays. Only six members of "the combine" voted for the resolution (3 Alliance men and 3 Democrats), and 18 of them voted against it (10 Democrats and 8 Alliance men). There were 16 Republicans voted with Hompe and 6 fair-minded men of that party (Crandall, Daugherty, Dean, Hammer, Smith, E. R., and Stevens), voted against him. They saw clearly that it was simply intended as an insult to me. There was plenty of time to discuss the great questions at issue. We did not hold a night session for more than two months afterwards, and Hompe never made a motion for one. No one could pretend that any man could explain any important bill in five or ten minutes. Hompe never renewed his resolution, although if there was any necessity for it that necessity must have increased as the session progressed. It had served its purpose. It broke up the "combine." It told the Democrats that there was no use of them following my standard any longer, that our forces were divided, and that some of the Alliance senators did not support me.

Tiresome Speeches.

In the advocacy of this resolution Hompe talked, as he has talked in his letters, about men taking up the time of the senate with long speeches. I replied that if the senators would time me they would find that I rarely spoke for more than five minutes, for I had been trained in congress to condense a great great deal into small space. But if it had been true that I had consumed too much time (and audiences have gladly paid me $100 to hear me lecture for an hour who couldn't have been induced for twice that sum to listen to Hompe for half that time), if, I say, I had talked too much, it was Hompe's duty, as a brother in the Alliance, to have taken me aside, and remonstrated with me alone on the subject, and then if I had failed to follow his advice he could have had the combine senators called together in caucus to discipline me, or to take the leadership out of my hands, and with it the necessity of being spokesman for the majority of the senate. But these methods would not have helped his masters. The combine would still have remained intact and potent for good. He wanted to demonstrate that the Alliance was a rope of sand; that I was not recognized as their leader; that the presidency of the State Alliance gave me no right to speak for that organization; that he was the real leader; that I was a chattering fool who must be suppressed and bottled up, and reflected upon and insulted.

Oh, it was cunningly done! Some sharper rascal than Hompe, in some railroad office (I think I could put my finger on the man), must have devised it.

I was working with intense industry night and day to the full limit of my powers. I visited no theaters, I played no cards, I frequented no saloons, I did nothing but work, work, work, to accomplish what I was sent there to accomplish. I had no time to visit my brother senators in their rooms and fill their ears with "taffy." I supposed every Alliance man was as much in earnest as I was, and did not need any such diet. But Hompe was subtle. He took our brethren in detail. He poured poison into their ears. To one he would say: "Donnelly talks too much. There is no chance for any of us." And to another he would say: "See how the newspapers are all talking about Donnelly. He obscures the rest of us." And to another he would say: "No man can be Donnelly's friend unless he is his slave"—as he said in his letters, with a lot more of such trash. And so, by such lies and arts and personal attentions, he worked upon several of the Alliance senators to follow him and split up our forces. They were honest men, but novices in legislative life, and no match for the cunning of Hompe and those who stood behind him. And so he induced these worthy men to cast votes which they have been busy explaining ever since, and will be busy explaining to the end of their lives. But what did he care if he marred their whole future career? He had gained his point. The solid phalanx of Alliance men was broken into a discordant and wrangling mob, and the railroad nabobs held their sides with ecstatic laughter. And the Democrats, finding that my own followers had deserted me, turned around and kicked me on the shins too, and repudiated and mocked me. And men to whom I had been a friend for a quarter of a century, and whom I had actually helped to elect to the senate, turned on me and denounced me with the foulest abuse. And Hompe grinned and was tickled to see the whole great movement for which 58,000 men had voted, crumbling to pieces on the floor of the senate, while the horrid front of injustice stood unassailed; and

"Wrong ruled the land and waiting justice slept."

Good to Republicans.

And now Hompe having so triumphed, is again inspired by his masters to attack me, in the public press, to destroy me; but thank God, we are in an arena where the subtle lie will no longer answer; and where I can hold him up and perforate him, and let whole floods of daylight through his vitals. He has fallen into a grave error. He has mistaken moderation for weakness; patience for powerlessness; and generosity for cowardice. He will know better during the rest of his life. Like the fellow who was kicked in the face by a mule, "he will never be as handsome as he was, but he will know more."

The Republicans well understood the valuable services which Hompe had rendered them, and they rewarded him by making him temporary president of the senate! Hompe, with his usual duplicity says he was elected on the motion of a Democrat. But when Senator McHale made that motion Hompe was already presiding over the senate, by the appointment of the Republican lieutenant governor!

Why did Gov. Ives, who had refused any coalition with the Alliance senators, even though it would have given the Republicans half the chairmanships and half the patronage, pass by all the distinguished and cultured Republican senators, and confer the honor of representing him in the chair upon this uncouth hewgag from Otter Tail county, who ostensibly belonged to another party.

Says Hompe, in one of his screeds:

"Another matter by which I drew the fire of these same gentlemen was my railroad bill, Senate File No. 200. I introduced this bill and it was referred to Mr. Donnelly's committee. I waited patiently for weeks for Mr. D. to report it back to the senate, as it was his sworn duty to do, but I waited in vain, etc."

Prince Hal said to that phenomenal liar, Sir John Falstaff: "Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

On the 4th day of February, (see p. 141 of Journal), Hompe introduced S. F. No. 200; and on the 14th day of February, just ten days thereafter, (see p. 213, of Journal), introduced a resolution to recall S. F. 200 from my committee.

Again I quote Prince Hal to Sir John.

"What trick, what device, what startling-hole canst thou find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?"

After having harried the senate journal with a fine-tooth comb (I suppose his library consists exclusively of such literature), he declares, in print, that he "waited patiently for weeks," before he made the motion to recall the bill. As the bill was not delivered to the clerk of the committee until the 5th of February; and as Hompe's resolution was offered on the morning of the 14th (so that no meeting of the committee could have been held on that day), there were but seven days (exclusive of Sunday), in which to consider his bill. There were still fifty-three days left of the session. Hompe never once spoke to me desiring early action upon his bill. We had a session of the committee on the 13th day of February, but Hompe did not appear at it, or at any other session of the committee, as senators are in the habit of doing, when they desire prompt consideration of their measures. Neither did he give me the slightest intimation that he was dissatisfied, or that he was about to introduce a resolution to take the bill out of the hands of my committee; if he had done so I should have arranged for a meeting of the committee immediately. And after he got it out of the hands of the railroad committee he had it referred, March 10, twenty-four days thereafter, to another committee, and there it slept until March 21, thirty-four days after he took it from my hands, and then he had to abandon the original bill altogether and introduce a substitute for it.

How Hompe Voted.

But let us look at the vote by which the bill was withdrawn from the railroad committee, and remember that there was, at that time, an existing combination of the Democratic and Alliance senators: The vote stood, yeas, 23 Republicans, 2 Alliance men 1 Democrat, a St. Paul senator, and the non descript Hompe. Nays, 11 Democrats and 6 Alliance men. Seventeen of "the combine" voted against Hompe; three of "the combine" voted with him; while every Republican who voted voted with Hompe. Is it any wonder, as Dr. Fish says, that eighteen days afterwards the Republicans gave Hompe "their gum to chew," by the lieutenant governor selecting him to preside in his absence. Now I do not mean to denounce the Republicans—personally they are good fellows—but the Alliance had entered into a combination, for the session, with the Democrats, and the Democrats had conceded to Hompe the chairmanship of the best committee in the senate, and good faith, honor and manliness, required that he should not break up our ranks and give aid and comfort to the common enemy, and then accept a reward from them. For my part I have no desire for that kind of greatness which can be absorbed through the seat of a chair; and the creature who would barter away a great popular movement to plant the most ignoble part of his most ignoble person, for a few hours, in a lieutenant governor's seat, ought to be studied with a microscope and not with the naked eye.

But, Democrats and Alliance men! If you want to know who broke us to pieces, last session, set us to fighting like wild-cats, made the monopolies all powerful and prevented our voting together, in November, 1892, if not for the same candidates at least, to a large extent, for the same principles, turn your eyes to where, by the classic banks of Deer creek, the artist of Otter Tail county now sits—on a cracker box—studying the senate journal of 1891, and exclaiming, with utter astonishment depicted in every line of his intellectual countenance:

Can such things be,
And overcome us, like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

PRINTERS' ELECTION.

A Close and Exciting Contest on the Australian System.

The annual election of officers for Typographical Union No. 30, as well as the selection of delegates to the International union, was held yesterday afternoon at labor headquarters. The polls were open from noon until 8 p. m. The system of voting is the "Australian" one. There are 316 votes cast, and the night was passed in counting the ballots. John Calloway and George H. Saults were elected delegates to go to Philadelphia to attend the convention of the International union.

The remainder of the officers are as follows: President, D. De Long. Executive committee, J. M. Davis, F. E. Ginter, James Quinn, H. W. Dennett, S. S. Hull. Trades and labor assembly delegates, Con Guiney, Harry Franklin, Ross Reynolds, Fred Nelson, Charles Schott. Reorganization Plan No. 2 is carried.

A FEARFUL DISASTER.

Mandalay, in Burmah, Is Reduced to Ashes.

CALCUTTA, March 30.—Dispatches from Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, say that fire has been raging there since 11 o'clock last night. Three-fourths of the city is now in ashes, and the fire has not been checked. Among the buildings already gone are the old palace, the new government telegraph office, two convents. The whole business portion of the city has been swept away. The loss of life has been between 75 and 100 already, so far as known, and scores of persons have not been accounted for. The suffering will be intense, as the rest of the city will be destroyed before morning and about 25,000 families will be homeless.

H. J. Townsend Arrested.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.—H. J. Townsend, St. Louis manager of the Mercantile Telegraph company, was arrested at noon. The Mercantile companp has been selling, in an indirect manner, pools and combinations on the Eastern races, it is charged, in violation of the Stone anti-pool law.

Consumed by Remorse.

NEW YORK, March 30.—Mrs. Johanna Matzoni, an Italian woman, about thirty-five years of age, killed herself this morning, by jumping from the window of her home on the third floor of a tenement. Her suicide is attributed to remorse for her unfaithfulness to her husband.

Trouble for De Lesseps.

NEW YORK, March 30.—Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great French engineer, is charged by the courts of France with swindling and breach of trust. As the transaction upon which the accusation is based occurred in New York, the greater portion of the testimony to be used in the trial must be taken here. The crimes are alleged to have been committed in connection with Panama canal stocks.

And a Joy Forever.

The Club.

A pretty tie—The Adver-tie-sir.

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